

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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What the Totem-Pole Tells.

Interesting Way Alaskan Indians Have
of Narrating Family History.

BY ALLEN HENRY WRIGHT.

JACK was finishing an outline of the plans which he and his chum, Charlie, had been making for their fishing trip the next day, and had been showing his new rod and reel before an admiring and somewhat envious group of youngsters when Uncle Jim came into the room.

"Look at Jack's new fish-pole, Uncle Jim," called out Mary. "It's just perfectly beautiful," she continued.

"It surely is a fine one, Jack," remarked Uncle Jim as he looked it over, "and if there are any fish left in the old mill-pond when you and Charlie get through they will have to be pretty wise ones."

"Now that Jack has told us all about his coming fishing trip, let's hear what Uncle Jim is going to tell us about to-night," suggested Tom.

"Well, I think I'll tell you something about some poles I saw on that long trip I took one summer with Mr. Bales. You all know where Alaska is, so I'll not take your time to tell of its geographical location, but I will say that I enjoyed that steamer trip from Seattle up through the narrow straits, past the many islands, seeing now and then the glaciers and the tumbling cascades, as much as any of the many trips that I have taken.

"Because Alaska is shown so far up on your map, you children may have had an idea that it is a country of perpetual snow throughout, but that would be a mistake, for I have seen some of the most beautiful flower gardens, some of the finest grain-fields and berry-patches in the world up there.

"These poles to which I have referred are called totem-poles. Totem is the name given to some natural object which has been selected as the emblem of an individual or a clan or tribe. There are two main divisions of those Indian tribes—and only the Indians use the totem-pole in Alaska, and not the Esquimaux, as some may think—and these divisions are the Eagle, or man's totem, and the Crow, or woman's totem. Each of these divisions has sub-totems, such as the Bear, Wolf, Shark, Whale, of the Eagle totem, and the Beaver, Salmon, Frog, Seal, of the Crow totem.

"Now, Mary, on the first page of the letter you received the other day from your English friend you saw a crest, or design impressed upon the paper. If you study that out you will find it tells quite a good deal of the history of your friend's family. So it is with the totem-pole. It tells a family's history in a way which those Indians can read as readily as you can your book.

"Some years ago the Indians discontinued making totem-poles, but the traveler in



SOME ALASKAN TOTEM POLES.

Alaska still finds these interesting historical things in almost every settlement along the streams as he goes north or south. Some of the totem-poles have found their way into the United States and are to be seen in museums or standing in parks in the Pacific Coast cities.

"The matter of the decoration of a totem-pole depends much upon the degree of wealth of the man who wants it made, or rather wanted it made. He would go to the totem-pole maker, much as your father

might go to a carpenter if he wanted a new house built. The man and the totem-pole maker would talk the matter over and finally come to an agreement as to the style of a pole to be carved and the amount it was to cost.

"When arrangements were completed the man and his friends would go to the woods and cut a straight cedar tree and haul it to the totem-pole maker's place, doing this work in much the same way that farmers sometimes do when they put up a new barn,

having a 'raising,' as they call it, when all the farmers in the neighborhood turn in and help.

"When the maker had finished the pole—and that might be in six months or a year—the friends would all come again and help the man erect the totem-pole in front of his home, there to stand as a family history. Indians coming by can see the pole and tell instantly whether or not the owner belongs to their clan or not, and whether they will be welcome guests if they stop."

"Are these totem-poles very high, Uncle Jim?" asked Jack.

"The tallest I saw on my trip was about fifty feet high, but still taller ones are to be found, I am told. There are four distinct kinds of poles, such as that for the clan or tribe, that for the family, the burial totem-pole, and the 'potlatch' pole."

"What's a 'potlatch,' Uncle Jim?" queried Tom. "That sounds as if it had something to do with the cover of a kettle on the stove, don't it?"

"Well, I'll tell you," resumed Uncle Jim. "In the old days the oldest member of a tribe, when he decided it best, would hold a great family party, and the host would lay out presents of all kinds, putting all his possessions into the gifts. When all the guests were assembled the gifts would be passed out, the best to the most important one in attendance, and so on down the line. When it was all over, the host would be without any property, but would be revered as one who had given a 'potlatch,' and would be entitled to erect a 'potlatch' totem-pole. Ever afterward he would be welcome in the home of any of his people. The word 'potlatch' is the Chinook Indian for 'gift.'"

"Now in this brief way I have tried to tell you about the poles I saw, Jack, up in Alaska in 'Hanskite Kungas,' or June, the month when the berries begin to ripen," concluded Uncle Jim.

New Year Bells.

BY ELSIE L. LUSTIG.

GENTLY chime, ye bells of time,
Chime in sweetest strains.
Chime out the year gone by;
Chime in the one that's nigh.

Ring, ye bells of New Year's tide,
Ring throughout the earth.
Ring of love and ring of joy;
Give the New Year birth.

Peal, oh, peal, ye New Year bells,
Peal your tones sincere.
Peal your wishes to mankind
For a peaceful year!

Little Willie, who for some months had always ended his evening prayer with "Please send me a baby brother," announced to his mother that he was tired of praying for what he did not get, and that he did not believe God had any more little boys to send.

Not long afterwards he was taken into his mother's room early in the morning to see his twin brothers, who had arrived during the night. Willie looked at the two babies critically and then remarked, "It's a good thing I stopped praying when I did."

Farm and Fireside.

The Dime That Worked Overtime.

BY ELIZABETH PRESTON ALLAN.

HARRY MANVILLE stood at the sloping desk in the post-office lobby, licking his twenty-five-cent War Savings Stamp and pasting it on his card. In the library table drawer at home he had a brown folder in its manila envelope, with places for five-dollar stamps, twenty of them. He had ten of these five-dollar stamps, and when this card lying before him had accumulated two more twenty-five-cent-ers he would exchange it for another five-dollar stamp. He was very ambitious to fill up the brown folder, which would then be worth one hundred dollars.

When he heard grown-ups talk about doing their bit, and the air was full of such talk, Harry felt a real satisfaction in the thought of those five-dollar-stamp certificates in the library table drawer. "I've helped that much, anyhow," he would say to himself with a warm, pleased feeling deep down somewhere under his Norfolk jacket.

"Hello, Bud, watcher doin'?" Harry picked up his card hastily and thrust it under his jacket, scowling the while at his elbow neighbor, a ragged and not very clean boy about his own size. "I'm not your Bud, and it's none of your business," he answered roughly.

"Aw, go on—d-yer think I'm after stealing your scrapbook?" jeered the newsboy, good-naturedly, and Harry felt rather sheepish at flying off the handle.

"Hello yourself, Buck," he said, grinning, "I took you for a Boche at first; you got any of these?" producing his nearly filled card.

"Naw, put me wise to 'em," said the Newsy. The two boys went off and sat down on the steps leading to the second story, while Harry proudly displayed his card, and boasted of the ones in the library table drawer.

"Watchter get out of it all?" demanded the newsboy, with evident curiosity.

Harry was rather at a loss for an answer. "Buck won't care about having a part in the war," he said to himself; "he ain't that kind."

But he was mistaken. While he was explaining rather awkwardly the way the money paid for these stamps went to help the country carry on the war, Silas Billings, known on the street as "Buck," interrupted him. "Say, Bud," he asked eagerly, "how much cash did you pay for that there pictur' book?"

Harry counted up laboriously how many dollars and cents had gone to buy the stamps already pasted on his card, how many more it would take to fill the remaining spaces, and was entering on the subject of the interest that would be at work for the next five years, when the full amount of five dollars would be paid by the Government to the holder of what his companion had called his "pictur' book."

But Buck brushed all this aside: he was not the least interested in the matter of getting the money back, with interest, in five years,—five years seemed to him a lifetime; and besides, the war had made its appeal to him from a different standpoint.

"What's the Gov'ment do with your money when you pays it in?" he asked.

Again Harry felt inadequate to the task of explaining Uncle Sam's need of money,

for he had mostly taken things for granted, and his information was pretty vague. But as he stumbled along, the list of war activities grew and grew, until he felt rather proud of the way he had risen to the occasion, and distinctly resented Buck's lack of interest.

"That all?" asked the newsboy, when Harry's items petered out.

"No, there ain't any end to 'em," answered Harry, hotly, "but I reckon that's all you can hold. I've 'bout fed you up on 'em, haven't I?"

"I thought mebber 'twould be gettin' men back onto jobs," said Buck, casually.

"Sure!" exclaimed Harry. "I pretty near forgot that job. What you know about it?"

"You see, my big brother got 'is arm busted off, and I sorter thought he'd have to go around selling lead pencils and such. Not on your life! Ever been out to Roswell?"

"No," said Harry; "have you?"

"Twict," answered Buck, proudly.

"You don't say! How'd you manage it?"

"Footed it, just"—answered the boy.

"You see, my brother's in that 'orspital, and he's larned all that's to know 'bout raisin' flowers and big-leaved bushes, and soon's he's a bit stronger, Simmons, the flower man, has got a place for 'im, with good pay. What you think of that?"

"Fine!" cried Harry, much interested.

"Peter—that's him—says Uncle Sam is gettin' all the wounded men rigged up so as sellin' pencils won't be in it with none of 'em. Bet it costs Uncle Sam a lot o' cash."

"You bet!" agreed Harry. "And my stamp money helps."

The newsboy fingered the card wistfully. "I sure would like to have a hand in the job," he said.

"Why not?" urged Harry. "Say, Buck, every fifteen cents you save, I'll go you ten, and there's your stamp! I've got an extra dime now; how about it?"

Buck fished up out of a pocket that seemed to go halfway down his leg an assortment of nickels, dimes, and brownies; he counted out what he owed for his papers, and kept back a small amount for breakfast, handing over fifteen cents. With the addition of Harry's ten, the boys promptly presented themselves at the post-office window, and it wasn't any time before Buck, swelling with pride, was handling his own card.

"You didn't keep anything for supper," Harry suddenly reminded the card owner.

"Shucks!" answered Buck. "Ef I couldn't go 'thout supper once in a while to help Uncle Sam mend our soldier boys, the Boches oughter git me."

The next objection came from Buck: a cloud obscured his delight in the stamp transaction. "I wish I could 'a' paid for it by myself," he said; "seems like 'taint the real thing when I only put up part."

If anything is more nimble than a boy's wits in getting over a difficulty it hasn't yet been discovered.

"Yours is the biggest part," Harry reminded him; "and, look here, Buck, people that haven't got any brothers in the army, nor even a father (my father couldn't get in, you know, 'cause he's lame)—why they ought to pay a tax. All right—I pay my tax on your stamps, don't you see, and that helps you and me and the President!"

Buck did not exactly "see," but Harry's words had a very plausible sound, and Buck was not hard to convince. He went off with his card, feeling like a millionaire and a philanthropist rolled into one, though he could not have told you the meaning of either of those expressions.

"Harry, have you got an extra dime?" asked his sister Alice that evening, as the two sat at the library table under the electroliter.

"Not a cent," answered the boy, briefly. "O Harry, I thought you said you had a dime over your quarter, and I wanted to borrow it until to-morrow evening. Dad doesn't like us to ask for our allowance till it's due, you know, but I do want to get my stamp to-morrow the worst kind: I only lack one of having my card full, and then I can swap it for a five-dollar stamp. Are you sure you haven't got a dime?"

"Sure," answered Harry, without rais-

ing his eyes from his book; "sorry." Then suddenly the boy burst out laughing.

Alice looked aggrieved. "What's so funny?" she asked.

"I was just thinking," chuckled Harry, "that my dime sure was working overtime!" He went on to tell the girl about the new stamp card and his own promise to match Buck's fifteen cents with a dime until he got his card filled. "And that old dime is on the job as sure's you're born," boasted Harry, gleefully; "it's helping Uncle Sam's crippled soldiers all right; it's helping to keep me from being a pig of a candy-eating slacker, and it's starting Buck on the road to being a property owner—see?"

What Alice saw was a new use for dimes that she had not thought of before; a beautiful way of making them count double, even if you did have to wait longer for your own card to fill up.



Partners.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

IT was bad enough to make Wag, the dog, howl, the way Felix and Vera were quarreling. But at New Year's time,—dear me! It seemed ten times worse. So Wag, who was tied in the back yard, howled with his whole heart and soul. Then Felix stopped telling Vera how he detested being tagged everywhere he went by a girl and went to release Wag. Vera sniffed, and wished she was lucky enough to have a nice, polite brother who paid a little attention to her sometimes.

Just as the argument seemed to get a fresh start, who should come laughing out into the neighboring yard, with big snow shovels, but Fred and Louise.

"Hi, folks! Let's make a snow man, a regular giant!" shouted Fred.

"Let's make ours together," put in Felix, quickly. "The girls can make their own kind," he sneered, "and put kid curlers on the lady, and ear-rings, if they like!" Felix was still troubled because Uncle Tom had given Vera a snow shovel exactly like his.

Fred laughingly shook his head. "I promised Louise we'd go partners on a snow man," he said good-naturedly, "and I have to stand by my word. Since mother's been sick, Sis has to mend my socks, and all of us have to pitch in and help."

Vera's eyes sparkled. "It must be fun when you're partners," she said, so wistfully that Felix stooped and began washing Wag's face in snow.

"Tell you what," Fred suggested, as things seemed at a standstill, "you and Vera make the best snow man you can, and Louise and I will do our best. Then if we have time we'll dig a trench, make some hand grenades of snow, and see which snow man stands up the longest under fire."

"Fine business!" Felix cried with enthusiasm. "If you're ready, we'll start pronto!" Uncle Tom was just back on a visit from New Mexico and Arizona, where he did surveying, and Felix was gathering all the new words possible to spring on the fellows.

For half an hour tongues and fingers flew and cheeks grew rosy with exercise and excitement. Vera showed herself to be full of bright ideas, and Felix admitted to him-

self that as a maker of snow men she was a wizard. She found an old keg in the barn and in it she stood a broom.

"For his skeleton," she nodded brightly. "He'll look more like a soldier and stand up longer if we give him a backbone."

Dorothy, the little sister, stood at the window, fairly glued to the pane, watching progress with glee. It was she who brought out the cranberries for the snow soldier's mouth, and coal for his eyes.

"He is a beauty, all right," grinned Felix, standing back for a good view. Then he called to his rivals, "Hey, there! Our man's on parade. Wore khaki when he started out, but it snowed on him. How are you getting on?"

"Just putting the last touch," answered Fred, as he stuck a pencil in his snow man's mouth. "Come over and be introduced to Tommy Atkins!"

Quick as a flash Vera cried: "And we want you to meet Uncle Sam's boy. What do you think of our Sammy?"

"He's great," agreed Fred, admiringly, as he and Louise bowed to Sammy with his make-believe gun. "Now we'll dig a trench," he went on briskly, setting the example, "and after I go to the store for Mother we'll get busy and manufacture bombs."

Felix flushed and glanced at Vera uneasily. He had been asked to do an errand an hour before, when Vera had wanted to go along. Then their quarrel started, and he had not thought of it since.

"I'll go as you do, Fred," he said. Then, without meeting Vera's eyes, he asked, "Want to go along, Sis?"

Vera's face glowed. "Not this time, thank you, Felix," she replied gratefully. "Louise and I will start an ammunition plant while you're gone."

When the bombardment took place, Uncle Tom came out to watch, with Dorothy on his shoulder. They shouted and waved, and Wag pranced about, barking fiercely. At the end of a glorious battle (though the fighting seemed all on one side, to be sure) it was found that Tommy Atkins was down and out, while Sammy still had a leg to stand on, though he had lost his head and both arms. So Uncle Tom raised

the Stars and Stripes above the old keg and the four soldiers saluted gravely before marching away.

"There's just time to shovel a path to the car," said Felix, after Fred and Louise had gone in to their work. "Are you tired, Vera?"

"Not a bit," Vera assured him, and proved it by making the snow fly.

"We're going to have bushels of fun with those shovels, Uncle Tom," Vera said as she set the supper table.

"I thought they might come in handy," replied their uncle, with twinkling eyes. "You and Felix make a good team. Your mother and I were always partners when we were your age. That's why I always make for here when I get out of the desert. Like to talk things over with Sis."

Felix squirmed a bit, then met Vera's gaze frankly. "That's the way it's going to be with us, isn't it?" he remarked.

A New Year Campaign.

BY MARJORIE DILLON.

I'VE made this very morning

Good resolves, and soon you'll see
That I'll give those Habits warning—
That would make their home in me.

There's "Wait-a-minute-mother"—

It has bothered quite a bit;
And "Pick-on-little-brother."

They are two that I must quit.

That "I-can't-find-it" worry,

What a scolding it will get!
And "Put-off-work-then-hurry,"
And that "Pouty-whiney-fret."

Oh, in earnest I am trying!

And success will come I know.
Don't you hear those Habits sighing?
'Cause they've simply got to go!

Thanking Uncle Harry.

BY RUBY HOLMES MARTYN.

THE little, long parcel had come for George in the morning mail and he could hardly wait to get the wrappings off, though before he reached the inside box he was sure Uncle Harry had sent him a fountain pen. George had wanted a fountain pen more than anything he could think of, and here was a fine one with his name in gilt letters on the black barrel.

"I must sit right down and thank Uncle Harry for it," cried George.

But when he got everything ready to write the letter he couldn't think of anything but the "thank you" to put down, and it seemed to George that he ought to write something more than that when Uncle Harry had been so kind.

"I'm going around to show my pen to Theo. Perhaps I'll find something to write about."

"You may find a chance for the pen to help some one," said mother. "I'm sure Uncle Harry would like to hear about that!"

Proudly George put the pen in his pocket and buttoned his coat over it.

He met Theo hurrying out on the street, and Theo was so interested in what he had to tell that George did not get a chance to say a word about the pen in his pocket.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

CARLISLE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—My sister and I go to the Unitarian church and Sunday school. We should like to join the Beacon Club. I am eight years old, and my sister is six years old. We like *The Beacon* very much. My auntie is superintendent of the Sunday school. I have a Sunday school pin.

Sincerely yours,

WINFIELD AND ELIZABETH RICKER

33 GOTHIC STREET,
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am twelve years old and I go to the Unitarian church. We get *The Beacon* every Sunday and I enjoy reading the stories and letters. My Sunday school teacher is Miss Fairchild. There are six girls in my class. Our minister is Rev. Mr. Smith. I will enjoy being a member of the Beacon Club.

Sincerely yours,

SYLVIA BRIDGMAN.

8 BARNES STREET,
PROVIDENCE, R.I.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to a Unitarian Sunday school in Providence. I should like very much to belong to the Beacon Club. I look forward

to Sunday for *The Beacon*. I enjoy the stories very much. I am ten years old. I go to Wheeler's school and am in the fifth grade. We had a play this summer and earned \$27. I was "Mary, Mary," and "The King of Tarts." We gave the money to the Red Cross. I would like to belong to the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

DEBORAH KNIGHT.

59 BRADWOOD STREET,
ROSLINDALE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I was awfully pleased to see a letter from a ranch girl in *The Beacon*, this morning, to write to.

I am twelve years old.

I hope to receive a Beacon Club button,—I close,

LOUISE LEHMANN.

P. S. Please ask for more ranch girls to write.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am five and three-quarters years old. I go to kindergarten and Sunday school every Sunday. Mr. Simons is my minister, and my teacher is Miss Kennedy. I live with my Grandma and Grandpa Emery. I have two sisters, Jane and Elisabeth Anne.

I would like to join the Beacon Club and wear the button.

DAVID EMERY.

"O George!" cried Theo. "I've been to the section house. Guido Dolci has just had a letter from his son Luigi, and he let me read every word of it. He lets his friends read the letter because it's written in English and Guido can't read English, and Luigi can't write Italian. Guido wants to hear over and over what Luigi tells him; and there are two pictures of his squad. You know Luigi is a corporal now."

"I guess I'll go around to see Guido," said George.

"He'll be glad enough to see you," called Theo over his shoulder.

George found Guido Dolci busy in the section house where he cooked for the gang of railroad men who were working on the track, and he welcomed George gaily.

"The letter of my brave boy you would want to see! And a picture of him so fine and straight up with his squad of men!" cried Guido, taking the worn envelope from his pocket.

George read every word out loud twice, and looked a long time at the pictures.

"He must want to hear from you often, Guido!"

The Italian's face sobered.

"Sometimes I ask a person to write what I say in English. My Luigi he has the education to read the English!"

"Let me write for you now. See the pen Uncle Harry sent with my name on it, and I should like to use it first to write to Luigi."

"I shall tella my Luigi how you would offer yourself!" said Guido.

Together they sat at the table, and George covered a sheet of white paper with the messages Guido told him, and the very last message was that they would

write soon again. Some of the lines were not straight, and some of the words were not spelled quite right, but Guido thought it the most beautiful letter he had ever seen.

"It was made with the loving heart of onea boy!" he said.

"And I'm coming again very soon to write another letter to Luigi," promised George.

In the very same mail in which the letter to Luigi Dolci left the village there was a letter from George for Uncle Harry,—a long letter, too, because George found so much he wanted to tell Uncle Harry about Luigi and Guido and one of the pictures of Luigi's squad that Guido had given to him.

A Profitable Trip.

BY ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

ABOARD! aboard! let's take a sail,—

Around the world let's go!

You'll get more for your money,

Than most other trips I know.

We'll visit Pisa's Leaning Tower,

Westminster Abbey, too,

And Capri's lovely Grotto,

Miraculously blue!

We'll spend a day in Ancient Rome,

The Pyramids we'll see,

We'll visit the Alhambra, too,

My! won't it be a spree!

The Kremlin we'll view on the trip;

Say! what a lot we'll learn,—

We'll trace the history of St. Paul's

And the Lion of Lucerne.

There's room for all; come on and go,

By way of Cozy Nook;

Secure your passage for the voyage,

On the good ship "Library Book."

RECREATION CORNER

ENIGMA XXV.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 3, 2, 4, 7, is a garden implement.
My 1, 9, 12, 17, 15, is a girl's name.
My 5, 6, 10, 17, 11, 13, is used to sew with.
My 8, 14, 18, 5, is a command.
My 23, 22, 17, 21, 20, 19, is a kind of rock.
My 16, 9, 10, 14, 18, 13, is a boy's name.
My whole is a well-known Christmas carol.
BEATRICE M. SCHADEE.

ENIGMA XXVI.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 6, 8, 19, 17, 16, is not a trotter.
My 14, 7, 18, 9, 10, encloses a field.
My 11, 12, 13, 20, is used with ice-cream.
My 4, 5, 8, 3, comes from coal.
My 9, 1, 2, is a pet.
My 18, 15, 3, is used by fishermen.
My whole is where history will be made.
RUTH WHITTREDGE.

CHARADE.

The farmer's boys, a blithesome band,
Flock round the hearthstone bright and warm;
My first, so dark, o'erspreads the land;
The rising wind betokens storm.

The storm comes on; his jaded steed
The rider urges o'er the sea;
My second he would reach with speed—
A place to welcome such as he.

The storm descends with rush and roar—
My third comes sweeping o'er the plain;
The waves are dashing on the shore—
God help the sailor on the main!

The storm abates. How calm and still
The silver moon above us floats!
My whole, with cadence sweet and shrill,
Sends from the wood its tuneful notes.
YOUTH'S COMPANION

HIDDEN U. S. CAPITALS.

1. Sambo Stone is a well-known clown.
2. She has a universal emblem.
3. The lions left the den very quietly.
4. Elsie McLellan sings very sweetly.
5. Ethel, Ena and Ruth are coming.
6. At first Pauline was afraid.
7. The nomad is on the desert.
8. The steeple-jack's only fear was the wind.
9. Mr. Brown took Charles to Nashua.
10. The River Diamond overflowed annually.

R. W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 11.

ENIGMA XXI.—The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

ENIGMA XXII.—Constantinople.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Christmas.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Misanthrope. 2. Revolution. 3. Penitentiary. 4. Ostentation.

A CONUNDRUM.—Because it is the scenter (center).

THE BEACON.

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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